FUNERAL SERVICES

## "DISRAELI" \*

Louis N. Parker's Comedy of England's Famous Statesman of the Early '70s.

A Charming Picture of English Life Told in Story Form by Marion A. Rubincam.

out any offensive plainness of speech,

Probably that was why Mr. Disraeli kept his temper when Charles, hot-heated and stung from his usual self-

complecency, accused him of influenc-ing Clarrisa against him. "You are a brave man, Deeford," he said.

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Permits For Building



Disraeli Sees Through Mrs. Travers' Subterfuge of Returning to Room For Lost Book.

#### Synopsis.

Benjamin Disraeli and his wife, Lady Beaconsfield, are guests of the duke and duchess of Glastonbury. The duchess dislikes Disraeli, and Mrs. Travers, another guest, is trying to find the reason why a disliked man is a guest.

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#### INSALLMENT III.

IR MICHAEL PROBERT and Disraeli faced each other across the table. The governor of the bank had his mouth set, and wore what he thought was his most determined expression

"Do you seriously mean," he was saying, "that you are thinking of buy-"I have seldom meant anything half

so seriously." "But it's not for sale."

"It is for sale," answered Disraeli.
"Ismail of Egypt is dying to sell."
"And you ask the Bank of England to back you?"
"Temporarily, until parliament

Temporarily, until parliament meets, I ask your assent on principle."
"You shall never have that assent," and Sir Probert's fist came down upon the table, to emphasize his refusal." I will not allow the bank to play at ducks and drakes with an Egyptian ditch," he repeated.

Disraell's eyes twinkled. "Egyptian ditch," he repeated. "That's rather neat." Then he turned to face the other man, and went on seriously:
"This thing has to be put through soon," he said. Outside the long window Mrs. Travers' head appeared, bent toward the slight opening, her eyes half closed. Unknowing, Disraell went on "Because Russia knows of this opportunity to purchase the high road to India."
"Then why hasn't she purchased it?"
"She's not ready. She has no fiest."

In parliament fight.

"And if ever I marty," she went on rapidly, "and I hope I sha!, I want to find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, bleeding hands and success, with his eyes find a man who is at the bottom, cillmbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding hands and bleeding hands and bleeding hand

Disraeli also rose.
"I am glad." said Probert with satisaction, "that I have made this scheme

Disraeli turned around on him, an odd look in his eyes. "Oh, but you haven't," he said.
"Then where are you going?" asked

Probert.
"Where Pharoah went, where all Christians go I shall go to Moses."

Clarissa and Mrs. Travers entered through the long window, as Disraell you," he added. and Lady Beaconstield went out of the 'Look, we've driven him away," cried

the girl in disappointment, as she watched the retreating figure. The older woman laughed.

"What a hero worshiper you are," she said then added insidiously, "I sup-pose he unburdens himself to you quite

"I don't know," said Clarissa thoughtfully. "It never seems important until suddenly I find him talking in empires

and worlds."

"How wonderful," Mrs. Travers sighed, then added, "What wouldn't I give to make a third in your conversations. No. I am too stupid; I should never understand him. Sometimes, dear child, you must tell me in a simple way what he says. For instance, why did he want Sir Probert alone just houses, \$25,000; \$15,000; \$ Oh, he never tells trivial things like that," the girl answered, "He talks of nations, not mere persons. He--"

Her eulogy was broken by the entrance of Charles, still cross over his recent snubbing. Mrs, Travers took the hint in his glance at her, and left the room with an excuse that the duchess \$432,749.

# FOR C. D. LUCKETT

Many Years Principal of the Rockville Academy-Native of Virginia.

ROCKVILLE. Nov. 5 .- Funeral services for Prof. Cooke D. Luckett, for many years principal of the Rockville Academy and for half a century a resident of Rockville, who died Monday night, aged seventy-two years, were held at the family residence today. The officiating minister was the Rev. Thomas A. Haughton-Burke, rector of Christ Episcopai Church, and the interment, which was private, was in Rockville Union Cemetery. Prof. Luckett was a native of Loudoun county, Va., and was a son of the

late Ludwell Luckett, a leading citizen of that county. He served throughout the civil war as a member of the Eighth Virginia Regiment, under Coi, Eppa Hunton, and later as a member of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry. At the econd battle of Manassas, he was everely wounded.

Immediately upon the close of the war. Prof. Luckett began teaching in Rockville. He later became principal of the Rockville Academy, which position he held until his death, excepting a few years he was principal of the Rockville High School and was engaged in he real estate buciness. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Johnson, of Rockville, and three sons—Dinwiddle J. Luckett, of Rockville, and Daingerfield G. and Ralph P. Luckett, of New York city. of that county. He served throughout

Book.

Mrs. Katherine Fleming and French
Augustus May, both of Washington,
were married in Rockville yesterday by
the Rey. Thomas A. Haughton-Burke,
rector of Christ Episcopal Church.

dren, in fact —"
"One moment," interrupted Clarissa, her face pale, and her voice unnaturally quiet, "What has this to do with me?"
Charies' face assumed a look of the most complete astonishment.
"Have I not made myself clear?" he said. The trustees of the county almshouse have re-elected for one year Philip J. Case, overseer, John E. West, clerk, and Dr. Edward Anderson, clerk.

The following, who were drawn recently as jurors for the November term of the circuit court, which begins here next Monday, have been excused by Judge Edward C. Peter for various reasons: Thomas D. Griffith, Charles, C. Waters, Mansfield White, Walter Fawcett, Robert Altcheson, James Offutt, John T. Higson, Charles C. Bohrer, James E. Riggs, Samuel T. Case, Octavius O. Baker, Marcellus Wade, and Charles R. Wright, jr. "Is this really an offer of marriage?" asked the girl, the disappointment in her face so evident that even Charles felt there was something wrong.

"I hoped I had made that clear without any offensive planners of eneach."

A license to marry has been issued by the clerk of the circuit court here to Miss Cuyler W. Dwyer, of Laytons-ville, this county, and Russell E. Duvall,

# In hoped I had made that clear without any offensive plainness of speech," he stammered. Then suddenly the sense of humor within the girl, which caused her to be so unaccountable to her mother, made her smile at her would-be lover. "You are a man of twenty-five and I a girl of nineteen," she said slowly, "and you come to me with an essay on political economy. "Charles! Charles!" she burst out sudden'y, "What a terrible hash you have made of the whole thing. I did like you. I liked you very much, but you are so entirely and spotlessly correct, you would drive me into hysterics. Your model cottages leave me cold, and, oh, those model children—I want flesh and blood children that tear their pinafores and smear their faces with jam.

Resolution Is Adopted At Colum-

question was a feature of the November told me?"

c. 're responded simply, bending and lasting the plands with the old world ateliness of manner that endeared and string from his usual self-endeared and strug from his usual self-endeared and self-e permits, involving an expenditure of 3660,922, were issued in October, according to the report of Morris Hacker, Inspector of Buildings. The permits in

### spector of Buildings. The permits in-clude 87 brick dwellings, \$194,800; 112 brick repairs, \$182,585; 2 apartment submitted a resolution favoring race \$20,134; 21 frame dwellings, \$57,600, and 36 frame repairs, \$6,220. The following the distribution Of Suffrage in Message

# THE HERITAGE OF CAIN

A GREAT BIG THRILLING STORY

BY ISABEL OSTRANDER

#### You Can Begin This Great Story Today By Reading This First

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
At the Authorstan boase of Lysart van
Reussemer are this while victoria are mainred Lysart a come of Lysart van
Reussemer are the store and are mainley, a divorce. Destrain and Lucilie doodall and rhing merriman. Lysart is a
close student of hereauty, and tells the
marty he behedes at least one of a criminal's descendants will develop criminal
instincts. Victoria shudders at her husbeno's-views and at-another time expresses abhorrence at the idea of having
children of her own. Lucilie gives Victoria
money for a purpose unknown to her husband. When Victoria does not appear for
breakfast Madge goes to her room and
finds her murdered.

Frederick Blajadell, another guest, arrives on the fatal morning.

The noted detective, Franklin Yorke,
arrives and takes the helm.

He learns that a certain Paul Hildreth,
a relative of Victoria's, would profit substantially by her death and that Victoria
had been low-spirited for spone time.

He learns also that Lucille is holding
back something from him and that Madge
Ashley loves Dysart Van Rensselaer,
Freddie is called home by a telestram of
tragic import. Yorke prophesies that the
servant girl who disappearge on the moraing of the tragedy will never be found.

Dysart recovers consclousness and is
interviewed by his brother the cornones and
by Yorke.

Yorke learns that Madge Ashley was
the last to see Victoria alive, when, on
the night of the murder, she had gone
to comfort her in an attack of nerves.

Yorke learns that Madge Ashley was
the last to see Victoria alive, when, on
the night of the murder, she had gone
to comfort her in an attack of nerves.

Yorke notices a picture in the newspapers of the Van Renssesars' wedding,
and the face of one of the bystanders
catches his eye. The trail leads Yorke
to New York, where he pursues his investigations. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

catches his eye. The trail, leads fores to New York, where he pursues his investigations.

He has Paul Hildreth shadowed despite a friend's assertion that such a theory is preposterous, and finds that the stenographer, "May Burke," has disappeared very suddenly.

Paul Hildreth refuses to give his whereabouts at the time of the crime, but affirms he was hundreds of miles away from the scene. The attorney and private secretary of a prominent millionaire who has been stricken with paralysis ask Yorke to try and discover what had become of a large number of valuable bonds that had disappeared from a private vault, but Yorke refuses to take up the case till the Van Rensselaer case is over. Yorke learns from Lucilis Goodall that she had given Victoria money for a secret purpose, and immediately thinks of blackmail. His theory is strengthened by the discovery that Victoria's jewels are paste.

## Now Read On

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.) HE listened meekly to my lecture, and hever approached me concerning it again. If only she had been frank and onest with me! If only she had told me the whole truth, I might have helped her, rid her of whatever fearful burden

Yorke reminded him, gently, "Thank you for giving me this information; it all right, but we don't want to make

him what my business was, of course, larger stones, and said I was trying to locate some On Yorke's query as to whether or no

vening sky.

The click-click of horse's feet sounded

The click-click of horse's feet sounded on the hard road, and a girl in a high two-wheeler swung into view. She was a distractingly pretty girl, with russet-brown hair rippling in curis from beneath her broad hat, and long eyelashes sweeping her flushed cheeks.

The watching man noticed the perfect poise of her small head on the slim neck, and the graceful lines of the slender figure, as she suddenly pulled in her horse, with a little move of annoyance at sight of the closed gates, and wound her reins about the whip socket and sprang lightly to the ground.

ground.

A man suddenly stepped from behind the screening sumac and barred her way. He did not approach her, but stood with his back against the gates, regarding her fixedly.

The girl started and paled; then, observing his respectable apeparance and the lack of violence in his attitude, she drew herself up hanghtily. drew herself up haughtily.
"Who are you?" she demanded, cold-ly. "What do you want?" ly. "What do you want?"

"A few words with you. Miss Kennedy," he replied respectfully, but with a note of command in his voice. "I wish to save you from serious annoyment worse. My name is ance, perhaps worse, My name Franklyn Yorke."

#### CHAPTER XVII HE insistent call of the telephor

awakened Yorke the next morning, and Williams appeared at his door as he was scrambling nto his bathrobe. "Mr. Paul Hilreth wants to speak you on the phone, sir."

Yorke went quickly to the instrum on his desk, and Paul's voice greeted him cheerfully.

him cheerfully.

"How are you, Yorke? Sorry to have wakened you. I wanted you to know that I received a private call from the police department last night, but I managed to prove my complete alibi to their satisfaction. I managed to fix them, they are that no appropriate of the she bore—I might even have saved her too, so that no announcement of the marriage got into the papers, but it was rather a difficult proposition. Oh, was rather a difficult proposition. Oh, Mr. Ingraham? Yes, he was very de-

of the room.

Then why hasn't she purchased it?

Then on tready. She has no feed to the counter of the Special counter of the searching us. She sa anchord and the searching us. She's watching meant he she will be search the least move, she's watching us. She's watching meant he will be she will be she will be she watching us. She's watching meant he will be she wi

## FOR BILIOUS HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION JAD TASTE OR LAZY LIVER\_DIME A BOX



people on a civil suit. He said that out sade of the guessa at one or two summer hotes in the neughborhood, due only new arrivals he had heard of the were some people up at the old Kenney of the state of the state

tively.

The manager nodded cordially.

"I am a private detective. Some clients of mine will arrive here very shortly with a large quantity of admirably manufactured imitation jewels, set in original od platinum and gold settings. We shall want you to examine them and let us know if they were made here, and when. But, first, I should like to ask if you recognize this lady as being one of your customers." ers."
And he field out the little photograph of Victoria Van Rensselaer and her dog. Velsk, which Robin had given him at

head,
"No," he said, "never saw the lady
that Laknow of. We have, of course,
hundreds of customers, and I may
never have noticed her."
"You would have known her at once,
I think, had the diamonds been made
here, for she must have paid many
visits to the shop which substituted the
false stones for her own. However,
you will know positively when you
glance at the jewels. I'll go out now and
see if my friends have come."

A taxi was just driving up at the curb
as Yorke reached the door, and he saw
Robin's haggard face peering anxiously
out.

in this line, but we've nothing in stock like these."

"Thonk you at any rate, for allowing us to take up your time. Mr. Carroll. Good morning."

"If you'll let me make a suggestion. Mr. Yorke." remarked the expert, as they were stowing the bags in the taxt, "thore's only one place to my knowledge where these takes might have been purchased in the city..."

"You mean the Courdenter Company?" arised Yorke, with a soile at the other's crest'allen 'ook. "I mean to try them next. Charachiler, Fifth avenue near Thirty-eighth street," he said to the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the changeur, adding: "One of the ruards can ride outside with the constraint of the situation.

\*\*AMUSEMENTS\*\*

\*\*AMUSEMEN

Continuation of This Staty
the Pound by Tomorrott's
Inche of The Times

#### Chrysanthemums Sont To Local Hospitals

as Yorke reached the door, and he saw Robin's haggard face peering anxiously out.

With the aid of the expert and the two guards the canvas bags containing the tiny leather cases of jewelry were deposited in the manager's sanctum.

When they were opened and their contents displayed, the brilliancy of the massed gems fairly took Yorke's breath

## SAVE YOUR HAIR! IF IT IS FALLING OR

quickest, surest dandruff cure known.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton Danderine from any drug store of to let counter, and after the first ap-Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; or dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp; which if not remedled, causes the hair roots tolet counter, and after the first application your hair till take on that life, lustre, and luxuriance which is so heautifu. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparabe gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.—Advt.

## to shrink, loosen, and die-then the Ladies! Men! Here's the

hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight-now-anytime-will surely save

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